UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson · Louis L. Mann · Curtis W. Reese

Sacco and Vanzetti

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Mr. Ford's Power and His Use of It

By JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

Letters from China

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Moh Tih—One of the Immortals

By HARRY KINGMAN

VOLUME XCIX NUMBER 20

Chicago, August 22, 1927

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, EDITOR IN CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

UNITY Fellowship

CHARLES F. DOLE
ZONA GALE
JESSE H. HOLMES
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
FRANCIS NEILSON
EDMUND H. REEMAN
ALSON H. ROBINSON
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Managing Editor
EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GANNETT, St. Paul.
JENNIE LA JOHN, Janesville. C. W. WENDTE, Cincinnati.
J. C. LEARNED, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.

Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBBINS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. SUNDERLAND, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
GEO. W. COOKE, Grand Haven, Mich., } "Notes and News."

Editorial Contributors

W. Waldemar W. Argow
Charles E. Beals
Harry Foster Burns
Percy M. Dawson
David Starr Jordan
Anna Garlin Spencer
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
James H. West

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—Charles Strong
AUSTRIA—Stefan Zweig
BULGARIA—F. M. Matthéeff
CANADA—Sidney Snow
CHINA—Gilbert Reid
ENGLAND—Fred Hankinson
Walter Walsh
FRANCE—G. Demartial
Romain Rolland
GERMANY—Theodor Hahn
INDIA—Rabindranath Tagore
ITALY—Guglielmo Lusidi
JAPAN—Nobuichiro Imaoha
RUSSIA—Alina Huebach

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

REMEMBER

This Summer

UNITY is publishing letters from

CHINA

by

ANNA LOUISE STRONG

These letters—intimate observations of Chinese life, of people big and little, direct from the field—will be a priceless record of history in the making by an honest, competent observer.

Subscribe Now!

For $1.00 UNITY will be sent to a new subscriber for six months. Send a name and a dollar. Or more names and more dollars. Or the dollars alone and UNITY Office can supply the names.

Names .....

.....

.....

Unity Publishing Company, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago.

Contents

	Page
EDITORIAL—	
Notes	324
Sacco and Vanzetti—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES	326
Mr. Ford's Power and His Use of It—JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE	326
ARTICLES—	
Letters from China—ANNA LOUISE STRONG	328
Moh Tih—One of the Immortals—HARRY KINGMAN	330
The Story of My Experiments with Truth—Part III Chapters XIX and XX—M. K. GANDHI	333
Delphiniums and Roses—H. S. N.	335
THE STUDY TABLE—	
Great Poems—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES	337
POETRY—	
Sacco and Vanzetti—Dead!—BRENT DOW ALLINSON	323
CORRESPONDENCE—	
An Open Letter to Judge Thayer, District Attorney Katzmann, Governor Fuller, President Lowell, Judge Grant and President Stratton—ELLEN WINSOR	338
Military Training in Switzerland—H. BOSSARD	338
Grateful to Dr. Dole—GEORGE CARHART	338
Penn State, the College of Babbittry—H.	338
THE FIELD—	
The American Trade Union Delegation to Europe and Outline of Expert Survey of Conditions in Russia	339
The Outlawry of War in Australia	340
Resolution on Outlawry at Northfield Missionary Conference	340

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, AUGUST 22, 1927 NUMBER 20

Sacco and Vanzetti—Dead!

Take them, my lords, to Charlestown to the chair!—
Take them and burn them living in the lair
Of Vengeance men call Justice, if you will:
These twain you may consume; the truth you cannot kill!

Turn bolts and keys upon them, strap them down,
Gag them and hood them, blind them from the day
And yoke them with the deadly volts of Hell . . .
Have they not murdered . . . No? . . . Well, who can tell?
They are not fit to live who talk that way!
Stop your fine ears, summon a maundering priest
To add his sacred unction to your own;
And when grey morning signals in the east—
Grey as the prison-kneaded faces—rise,
My Lord and Governor, from your wide soft bed
And gaze into the mirror on the wall:
Lo! what an apparition meets your eyes!

Behind that mask, to peace and pity dead,
A hand of Fate emerging from a pall
Seizes a switch and closes silently . . .
Electric tigers rage through human limbs,
Leap to the sky and crash across the earth
In long reverberations. Suddenly
That hand sinister points and threatens, dims
And disappears, leaving the glassy girth
Frosted with my lord Governor's exhaled breath!

No longer an official, but a man
Alone before his conscience and his God
Breathing in fear,—O, awful doubt and death,
And dreadful, cold, immitigable deed—
His deed that makes of sentient flesh a clod
Rent by the savage State's insensate claws,—
His death, and crime of lawyers and of laws! . . .
God save us! . . . Do the eyes of Pity bleed? . . .
O, hapless Governor, twice wretched man!

* * * *

Is this sick nightmare but a poet's dream,—
Or is it fact and fateful history?
Judge, Massachusetts, or be dumb! . . .
Say truly, are things what they seem?
"The courts can do no wrong!" the courtly cry;
"What right have these to bray of Freedom here—
Two ranting dago aliens who have come
To live and labor in Prosperity
Among our Pharaoh's happy fatted kine?
We have no time for theoretic whine,—
Teach them their business, and a certain fear
Of God; or send them back to Italy!"
Thus the Daemoniac, *ad Patriam, ad nauseam:*
O, State, thrice holy State, thy will be done!—
Vengeance is thine, and statute, force and praise
And all the glory underneath the sun;—
But to the weak—Ah! Lincoln, what a sham!

Since when were courts the thrones of Liberty,
Or juries' eyes the clearest eyes that see?
Since when was Truth secure where lawyers raise
Their smoking muskets and fierce wars of words?
What did they once in Salem by the Sea?
And on that Common where your State House looms
What madness once prepared what fiery dooms? . . .
Was Dred Scott's freedom ransomed by a court,
Or John Brown's justice silenced by a fort?
Have not a hundred juries gone astray? . . .
Were prophets heard in Israel today
What crowns would fall, O, Jehu! what rewards!

* * * *

"Here where no vegetation lives, I live;
Here where no sunlight comes I breathe and dream
Of Justice for the wretched of this earth,
Of Freedom, Mercy and Fraternity,
And with a grateful heart shall live—or die—
For the noble legion of Humanity! . . ."
Thus Sacco, after seven years of doom,
For all that Massachusetts' hatred knows
Can crush no drop of venom from a rose!

From his Rosina's face has passed the bloom
He loved, and passed her girlish grace,
His orphaned children call his name in vain;
Yet those steel gates that on him close
In all his poverty and pain
Will rust and crumble in their place
Before her loyalty will lose
Its loving strength, or cease
To cry for his release,—
Before their faith and hope
Will faint or fail to grope
Hereafter for the Justice here denied! . . .

O, ye who hold the mirrors of the Age,—
When you reflect these deeds upon the page
Say not that Sacco, but that Justice died
Upon that legal lethal chair
In the befouled New England air
Where the cold Atlantic rolls!—
Say that on the bloody scrolls
Of the State's exalted past
This fell murder was the last!
Take them, my lords, to Charlestown to the chair,—
Take and burn them living in the lair
Of Vengeance you call Justice, if you will:
These bodies aye!—but Truth you cannot kill!

BRENT DOW ALLINSON

President Coolidge's statement that he does not choose to run for president in 1928 does more to convince us that there are elements of real greatness in the man than anything else that he has done in all of his career. Not being a friend, or even supporter, of the President, we are not of those who contend that Mr. Coolidge does not mean what he says, that he is hypocritically making a gesture to the people, that he is playing clever politics in furtherance of selfish personal ambition. We leave it to the Coolidgites thus to besmear their idol with the ordure of odium. For ourselves, we do the President the credit of taking him at his word! We have always believed in the third-term tradition as one of the surest safeguards of democracy. President Coolidge has done the nation inestimable service and himself great honor in thus recognizing the basic wisdom of this unwritten law.

This is a busy summer! We have found it quite impossible to keep up with the rapid and crowded course of events in these columns, so we here present a kind of "news reel," after the fashion of the picture houses—little flashes at what has been going on! (1) Weeks ago we were overjoyed by the unexpected pardoning of Miss Anita Whitney by the Governor of California—a fine act! Now let him crown it by pardoning Mooney and other political prisoners who still rot "in durance vile" in that state. (2) Judge Ben Lindsey has stepped down and out after a generation of consecrated labor for little children which has made his blessed name a household word throughout the nation. The Judge can stand it, but what about Denver and her juvenile delinquents? (3) The murder of 300 Nicaraguans by United States bombing planes puts our nation in the unenviable class of Britain in Mesopotamia and France in Syria and Morocco. Secretary Kellogg describes this glorious massacre as but "an incident of the larger scheme of peace" in Nicaragua, just as the massacre of St. Bartholomew, we suppose, was also an incident in some such "larger scheme of peace." Shame to the flag, and to the bloody hands that stain its folds! (4) So-called Prohibition exposures, running in the New York *World,* the Chicago *Tribune,* and the Hearst press, have been infinitely valuable as showing what we have always believed—namely, that the Coolidge administration, so far from enforcing the Volstead Act, has played profitable politics with it, and thus done all it could to defeat enforcement. (5) The death of Ferdinand of Roumania gave Queen Marie her supreme opportunity in the spotlight of the international vaudeville stage. And how she improved this opportunity! After reading of her tears, her swoonings, her shudderings and other histrionic hysterics, we refreshingly remember that the late King never loved this woman, and married her only under political compulsion. Well, her day is done. What will she do now to catch the headlines? (6) The death of Gen. Dyer, of Amritsar infamy, closes a black chapter in the history of India. This military butcher will be remembered as long in that country as "Hell Roaring" Jake Smith, U. S. A., in the Philippines.

Some more "news flashes." (7) The Vienna riots in July were a terrific event—terrific as showing the smouldering fires of violence and chaos in the dead ashes of Europe's burnt-out life. These riots were also an ironic commentary on the Austria that was so wonderfully "saved" by the League of Nations. Of all the "fakes" in the record of the League—and there are many—this is the biggest. (8) The quashing of the indictments against Dr. Sweet and his associates in Detroit marks one of the greatest victories for the Negroes in this country since the Emancipation Proclamation. White mobs will now think twice and perhaps three times before they attack a Negro in his home again. (9) Poincarè, in one of his famous Sunday discourses, concedes that the German people were not guilty of the War—only the former German government! This is a long step forward for Poincarè, and shows that even he is beginning to get some education on the question of War guilt. But what about the Versailles Treaty which blames all the Germans for everything? Will Poincarè now advocate its revision? (10) General Leonard Wood—dead on August 7th. This distinguished man had qualities good and bad. He was efficient, hard-working, faithful to duty, clean-cut and honest in opinion; he was also militaristic, high-tempered, insubordinate, dictatorial. But beyond all interest and importance as a man, was General Wood's interest and importance as a symbol. More than any other one man of the past generation did he embody America's transformation from a republic into an empire. "America's great proconsul," the New York *Times* fittingly dubbed him on his death—ruler, in freedom's name, of subject and exploited peoples. (11) And Sir Harry Johnston dead. What a man!—explorer, colonial administrator, painter whose canvases were recognized by the Royal Academy, author whose novels were "best sellers," musician, sportsman, English gentleman! Such a type, common in the Renaissance, is rare today. With this list of happenings we are caught up a bit. Now let the world wag on!

The Geneva Conference has broken up amid loud expressions of dismay at its total failure to accomplish anything for disarmament. For ourselves, we find it quite impossible to join in the funeral lamentations. We never had any belief that the Conference would disarm the nations concerned. The very make-up of the British and American delegations, with admirals fore and aft, convinced us at the outset that just exactly nothing could be expected of the deliberations. For who ever heard of an admiral who ever wanted

to scrap a ship or dismantle a gun? Admirals of the disarming type simply don't grow! When disarmament is accomplished, if ever, it will be by civilians ordering naval officers to take off their uniforms and earn an honest living. Furthermore, we had no interest in or expectation of the Geneva Conference because we knew that the nations concerned, more especially Britain, had no intention of disarming. England knows perfectly well that Europe is in a most perilous state of unstability—that a "next war" is almost certain in a few years—and she has no more intention of keeping out of this war than she had of keeping out of the Great War. We are dealing with the same world today that the Hague Conferences were dealing with yesterday, and disarmament is as impossible in the one case as in the other. What is at the root of all our difficulty, as we have said so many times in these columns, is the fact of war itself. The problem before us is not that of getting rid of arms that we may not go to war, but of getting rid of war that we need not resort to arms. Get rid of war, and arms will disappear of themselves, as scars and blotches on the skin disappear when the blood is purified of disease. This means that our job, our first job, our only job, is not disarmament but outlawry! So why mourn over the fiasco at Geneva? This Conference was a fiasco before it started. Now let's have a real conference on the real issue—and get something done!

We do not tolerate bull fights. We are a civilized country. We are sensitive to the pains of poor brutes. We cannot permit the toreador, or the matador, or the some-other-gentlemanly-kind-of-a-dor who functions in a bull ring, to jeopardize his skin in the arena with enraged brutes. How belated in culture, and how brutalized must be the populations of Spain and Latin American lands! How far we have progressed from the savagery of the old Roman Empire when beasts were brought from their native jungle and were turned loose in the arena in company with criminals from the law courts, who were supplied with weapons neither of offense nor defense beyond those provided by nature! Think of the brutalizing effect upon the multitudes who swarmed upon the tiers of seats rising to dizzy heights on all sides! It is frightful to think of it all, and correspondingly glorious to realize how far we have left all such things behind in this land of light and progress and culture. And yet, here is the Honorable "Tex" Rickard! Who more honorable than he? Who more highly honored? Who has more effectually won the patronage of the mighty and the elegant in this land of light and leading? Was he not purring with satisfaction the other day while reviewing his career before whole batteries of newspaper correspondents with pencils poised to note his every syllable, and with lenses a-flutter indelibly to stamp his every facial mood? And what unctuous virtue did he not extract from his triumph in bringing these same mighty and elegant to their knees, or feet, in adoration of his art! The Honorable "Tex" Rickard comments upon our advancing culture, offering the diaphanously veiled suggestion that his genius has achieved the triumph. Whereas his art was, prior to his advent, under a cloud, now in one short life-time of prodigious enterprise and incomparable finesse he has brought the great, and may he not also boast, the good also, to yield their homage. To see a mad bull dripping with gore, rampaging through the arena? Horror of horrors! But men, their life-blood exuding from eyes and mouth and from other extemporaneous orifices of their bruised and battered bodies,—this is the spectacle to which the devotees of culture are invited, and to which they swarm in multitudes! How wonderful we are!

One must rub his eyes, and blink himself awake, when he reads of such an incident as that of the Chicago Baptist Association at a recent session. Only the finesse of certain leaders of potent carriage and lofty placement in the ecclesiastical scheme saved the event from disaster and the Baptist body from hopeless split. The discussion was most exciting. Nerves were dangerously overwrought and tempers were frayed in the mighty combat of ideas and ideals and principles. Even yet the danger is not wholly passed. The great association of Baptist churches in the second largest city in the land may still not hold together under the impact of this stupendous onset of opposing convictions. And this is the issue: Shall churches which admit to their membership persons who have received the ordinance of baptism by the application of water in small quantities on their brows, be permitted to remain in the ecclesiastical fellowship of churches which require that such and all other persons shall have the baptismal waters applied simultaneously to all parts of their bodies (except those portions which may be protected from the deluge by the decorous suitings in which each is clothed before he is permitted to appear in the partially concealed tanks beneath the pulpit platform of Baptist churches)? Now, was not that a tremulous moment? Think of the imperishable issues of life and death involved here? Stand trembling for the destiny of the civilization of ourselves, our fathers, and posterity! What if this question should not be answered aright! What if profane voices are lifted in such power that the wrong decision is reached! We do not quite understand what the answer was, but it must have been all right up to the present moment. Truth must have prevailed so far, else how would we all be alive and going about our business this day? The sun rose again this morning and the pillars of the sky still stand. Even the government at Washington survives. Religion is safe. Truth reigns, even though on a precarious throne. Ye doubting souls, take courage!

Sacco and Vanzetti

Two men, alive when these words are written, will be dead when these words are printed.* For a parallel to the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, in sheer horror of injustice and persecution, one must return to the Dreyfus case in France. But for a parallel in the greater horror of cruel death, one must return to the Haymarket riot cases in Chicago. In both these instances, we have innocent men hunted, hounded, and at last slaughtered by a state interested neither in justice nor mercy, but in its own vengeful vindication of power. Government, lustful of blood, smug in comfortable complacency, does murder once, and then does murder twice, that all the world may know that the strong may use the weak to appease their fears and satisfy their hates.

Governor Fuller, of Massachusetts—his advisory council, President Lowell, of Harvard, President Stratton, of the Institute of Technology, and Judge Robert Grant—the hundreds and thousands who have rushed to congratulate these men on their heroic work of dooming two helpless fellow-men to die—all these claim that Sacco and Vanzetti had a fair trial. If so, then is the judicial system of America damned forever to the pit-black hell to which the tribunals of the Inquisition and the witch-craft courts of Salem have preceded it. If Judge Thayer's trial of these men was fair, then is there no fairness under American law. Justice in this country is become a farce, the processes of law a horror, the ways of life for all of us the ways of death. What man or woman is safe, save those only who control the power of the state for their own foul and bloody purposes?

But I am no such pessimist as to believe any such indictment of this nation and its institutions. The trial of Sacco and Vanzetti was *not* fair. Let Fuller and his Boston Brahmins bear their testimony till the crack of doom silences their shame forever. They lie—or they are grossly, terribly deceived! Honest men and women, sitting as an unofficial jury in the case, hearing every word of evidence, themselves prejudiced by no mania and stricken by no fear of "reds," brought in a unanimous verdict of acquittal. Since that time, thousands of other honest men and women, who have read the record and studied the story—lawyers, judges, professors, scientists, clergymen, publicists, authors, leaders of opinion in many lands—have risen up to expose and condemn what was a travesty on justice. We know that the jury was hand-picked; we know that the judge was filled with venom against the accused; we know that the prosecutor suppressed and distorted evidence; we know that a public opinion, maddened by fear and poisoned by hate, raged about the court. A fair trial? Clarence Darrow gave the perfect answer to that question when he said that, while he had not studied the case particularly, he knew that two such men as Sacco and Vanzetti *could not* have had a fair trial in Massachusetts in 1920!

No! These men, still living as I write, dead when these words are put in print, were lynched by Boston and its mob. Years ago that mob was discovered by Wendell Phillips when, looking upon the crazy crowd that was dragging William Lloyd Garrison through the streets, to hang him, he noted that the men wore *broadcloth*. It was the respectables of Boston—the well-born, well-educated, well-placed—the rich, honored, and powerful—who were seeking the blood of the man whose Abolition opinions they so feared. This mob, which runs the banks, owns the churches and colleges, cows the newspapers, and uses the courts, is always on the job in Boston. Daily it slanders, villifies and oppresses those who will not walk its way or do its dirty work. On occasion, when its fear is fierce and its lust for blood is hot, *it kills*—sometimes by violence, as in the attempted case of Garrison, sometimes by due process of law, as in the successful case of Sacco and Vanzetti. The mob!—not the Boston mob only, but the broadcloth mob everywhere! It uses courts, not barricades; it handles electric-chairs, not paving stones and bombs. But it kills just the same.

Not for Sacco and Vanzetti do I mourn. "It is not every prisoner," as Heywood Broun has said, "who has a President of Harvard University throw the switch for him." These men are already become a name, or names, which men shall conjure by so long as they must fight for liberty and justice. Rather do I mourn for Massachusetts, for America, for mankind, that such things still can be.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*Reprieve of twelve days granted.

Mr. Ford's Power and His Use of It

Mr. Ford's course in dealing with the Jew-baiting policy of his *Dearborn Independent* editor is now a matter of history, and may be soberly considered in the light of all its implications. It is doubtful if any other high placed American citizen has ever made so complete and unreserved a recantation. His withdrawal of the anti-Semitic publications of the *Dearborn Independent* office, and his apology for the wrong done through them are so sweeping and unequivocal as to leave nothing further to be said. Jewish citizens of light and leading have accepted his statement on this basis, and have said nothing further, except to commend his spirit and express their gratification that the incident is closed. The Sapiro libel suit has also

been amicably settled out of court, and the Bernstein suit as well. The decks have been swept clear!

Jew-baiting is ridiculous when it is not malicious. Mr. Ford's recantation calls for no further comment or consideration, at this late date, from this point of view. But the incident is big with significance of another sort. Mr. Ford is the most powerful business man in the world. He has stamped his personality and genius upon the age. He has created an epoch. He is said to own a fortune of a billion dollars. But that is not half nor one-tenth of the matter. He has set a pace, has established a method, has promulgated a philosophy, while controlling a business enterprise turning over billions of dollars of values.

Furthermore, he is socially minded. He wants his money to do good. Nor is the goodness at which he aims a mere patronage of the indigent! He has the most constructive social ideals of all the industrial magnates of the age. Everybody knows this, the common man best of all. No business man of anything like comparable power has ever before been accorded such freedom in the use of his power. Popular clamor which has hounded other potentates of wealth, has defended and acclaimed him.

Still further, thoughtful liberals have joined in the acclamation, have rejoiced in his success, and have centered great hopes for the better society in his achievements and his policies. Contemporary magnates of finance have not been so cordial. It is generally believed that they would have destroyed him and his works, if they had been able to do so. But that fact has the more commended him to many of these liberals.

Even Thomas Jefferson was accustomed to declare that the ideal government would be a benevolent despotism, if you could be sure of the despot's benevolence. Henry Ford's reign has felt only the slightest limitation upon his power, and his benevolence has been questioned by few. His reputation for good will has been vastly enhanced by his unreserved apology for the wrong done by the *Dearborn Independent*. When the statement came out, multitudes said, "Now, at last, the real Henry Ford is speaking!"

But the disturbing fact remains that the apology was necessary. The *Dearborn Independent* is a branch of Mr. Ford's colossal business. Its policy was clear and was vigorously pressed for years. Yet it now appears, by his own explicit statement, that Mr. Ford himself had no idea what that policy was and how it was being pressed. His ignorance of business, over which his will is absolute law, ran on for months and even years after the man on the street and the humblest villager were intimately apprised of the nature of that business. Mr. Ford's authority and personal sponsorship are stamped all over the *Dearborn Independent*. The circulation would have been negligible without the glamor of his name and authority.

For protracted periods, the publication has carried a department headed, "Mr. Ford's Own Page." Of course, there was popular doubt of Mr. Ford's having intimate relation with all the contents of the magazine. It was manifestly the intention of this special department to give the readers direct messages from Mr. Ford himself. Yet it is now stated in his defense that Mr. Ford did not write the messages and had no idea what was being printed even on this page.

If this sort of thing has gone on in this branch of Henry Ford's colossal business, what about other branches? Have they been conducted with similar intelligence and in similar regard for his responsibility as a potentate? Is there any reason to doubt the revelations made in the "Confessions of a Ford Dealer" in the June number of *Harper's?* And if the natural conclusion is legitimate, what can longer be said for the potentate business itself? Did ever benevolent despotism have a better chance to demonstrate its social value? Is this the best it can do?

Perhaps it is time, too, to make some new reckoning of its efficiency. The Ford industry is manifestly in a slump, perhaps a serious slump. The fact that an organization like General Motors, staggering under a terrible load of inflated stock, can so effectually take Mr. Ford's market away from him, is significant enough in itself. With all of his benevolence Mr. Ford is stubborn; he displays one of the worst vices of the despot. He declares that he did not know what was being published from the *Dearborn Independent* office. Yet citizens of the most serious consideration are known to have sat in earnest conference with him again and again as these publications were being issued, pleading with him to take note and to correct a policy which was injuring many innocent citizens and which must in the end greatly injure him and his. In spite of all that, he still did not know what was going on.

Is it not this trait which has permitted him to pour out upon the world market fifteen million motor cars having mechanical features against which practically all car users have persistently grumbled, and, when they are financially able, have rebelled? Only now, after he finds himself steadily losing his market to competitors, pitifully weak financially as compared with him, he awakens to the social disservice he has been imposing upon his confiding public. The rumor, long widely circulated, is now established that in the fall of 1927 a new model is to appear from the enormous Ford shops, radically different from that which he has standardized the world over, and embracing mechanical features which numerous other manufacturers have developed from financial resources amusingly scant compared with his.

Thus, not only has the potentate's benevolence fallen short in social value, but the economic efficiency which is the shining mark of modern industrial autocracy has also broken down. What is there left to justify autocracy? Mr. Ford has paid high wages and

has maintained a rare constancy of employment. Now the reports come in from every section that this constancy is lost, and that former Ford employees are wandering the streets in indigence, appealing for charity to welfare agencies to which Mr. Ford has scorned to contribute out of his fabulous wealth.

This refusal of Mr. Ford to justify "charity" as a social institution has been a special cause for many liberals' commendation of him. But he has always insisted that his industrial program renders charity unnecessary. Now he embarrasses both himself and his admirers by the present slump. Thousands of confiding working people find that he is unable to protect them from the workingman's terror, unemployment.

The age-long question is again renewed, Can autocracy be made to work, under any conditions? Is not what is the matter with autocracy that it is *autocracy?* Must not a way be found by which democracy shall run through every department of society? If democracy is not efficient, must it not be made efficient? Does any other program offer any real hope?

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Letters from China

Clashing Contrasts in Wuhan

Day before yesterday I talked with three girl "propagandists," whose job has been to accompany the army and do political work especially among peasant women, spreading the new ideas of women's freedom. Yesterday I visited a cotton mill in Wuchang and saw boys and girls of seven and eight years old still working at the spinning machines. These are the clashing contrasts that meet in China, and that are found in their greatest diversity under the Wuhan government.

The secretary of the union in the cotton mill boasts of over 39,000 members in some score cotton mills of Wuchang city alone. He said that the increase in wages since the union was formed last autumn had been 5 cents (gold) per day added to the wages of those who had been getting 10 cents, so that now even the lowest paid are getting 15 cents a day. He said that there was no change yet in hours for adults, which in the very modern factory I visited (with machines like any in America), were only ten hours anyway. Hours for children under sixteen were reduced from ten to eight hours.

But this change in children's hours has not yet taken effect (he added). Our union agreements now are not a matter of class struggle but of trying to promote production, since Wuhan government is in a state of blockade and we must all make sacrifices to help the only government which permits unions to exist. Notification of the change of hours has been made and we hope it will begin shortly.

The chief change since the union (he finished), is that we are treated like free people by the managers and foremen. The wage change is not much; it is swallowed in the increased cost of living.

It is a bit tragic to see little seven and eight year old youngsters, themselves quite unconscious of any tragedy, who run after me and pull my dress in the mill, because I have the queer costume of a western woman, whose strength and education is being sacrificed for a few more months with the consent of their own union "to help the only government that allows us to organize." And then to realize how Wuhan is called "red" and "communist," when it has gone such a tiny bit of road towards any freedom.

No doubt you folks in America are all hoping that the Nationalist split will be healed. But I, after a month in Hankow, am hoping it will not be healed too soon. For it is being healed, if at all, at the expense of the workers and peasants, by Hankow slowly swinging in the direction of more suppression. With China in the economic stage it has so far reached, and with international capital wielding the big stick of blockade, nothing at present can possibly happen to labor except to be suppressed. The only question is the extent of the suppression and its bloodiness.

In Shanghai, of course, and in Canton, General Chiang has been suppressing the workers with blood, for which he is roundly denounced in every labor meeting here. But Wuhan also has its share of "militarists" since it is dependent on an army which is revolutionary only in a political sense. Down in Hunan the armies which still profess loyalty to Wuhan have been also slaughtering labor and peasant leaders. And the most Wuhan can do is to send down a commission headed by a general, who inflicts a mild demerit on the local officers, and "reorganizes" the labor and peasant unions under leaders more acceptable to the army.

What else can be done? The officers, even in this revolutionary army, come from the landed gentry, even as they did in America in the days of Washington. The local peasants of Hunan, oppressed frightfully by exactions of gentry, killed among others, the fathers of some of these officers. The local army naturally retaliated by a much more wholesale slaughter of peasants. Who is to punish them for this? An army composed of similar landed gentry officers? And of the undigested remains of former militarist troops?

I have just heard from a Chinese Christian student, the tale of a girl slain in Hunan, not, however, by the nationalist forces, but by the reactionaries who attacked Wuhan at the orders of General Chiang Kai Shek. This girl was a mission school student. When the nationalist armies came north with their propaganda of freedom, she announced her engagement to the only Christian college man in town. A greater shock to Chinese morality in a backward small town cannot be imagined. Girls and boys never announce engagements; the marriages are arranged by go-betweens and parents. To express individual love desires before you have been properly married by your family, is a frightfully immodest thing to do.

Miss Wang followed up this defiance of local morals by joining the women's movement and becoming president of the local Women's Union, which grew with rapidity under her youthful zeal. She urged on three men to give evidence against a local grafter, who had plundered the people for years untouched because of his riches. She led the groups that went into women's houses, urging unbinding of feet and enforcing their plea by fines.

When the reactionary armies came in for a brief period, the family of the grafter who had been executed, stirred up the outraged morality of the small town neighbors and these in turn egged on the soldiers who literally hacked the girl into small pieces with bayonets and knives and fired seventeen shots into the

remains of her body "to show how much they hate her." How tragically true to type all martyrdoms run. The revengeful grafters, the bestial lust of soldiers, but behind them all, the respectable defenders of the old moralities.

The other day there was an incident at the Labor Temple here which doubtless reached America in highly distorted fashion as the ousting of the "reds" by soldiers. For some time past there have been "labor pickets" who were granted arms by the Wuhan government. Business interests look upon them as the devil incarnate; labor officials assure me that they have greatly helped keep order on several occasions of crisis, quieting mobs and persuading them as soldiers and ordinary police could not have done. I think the latter is true.

However, due to the suspicious engendered by their presence among the business groups of the town, the labor unions last week asked the Military Council to "either accept back our arms or enroll the pickets as municipal police, so that they cannot be used as an occasion of propaganda against the government." The arms were taken back whereupon the Unions asked that the city garrison troops send a few soldiers to guard the entrance to their building, as is done with other public buildings. Formerly they had used labor pickets.

A nearby detachment of soldiers, hearing that soldiers were to go to Labor Headquarters the next day, and getting the fact distorted, thought it a good chance to get a fine building and maybe some loot. So during the morning when all officials were out of the building attending the All China Labor Federation, and only the servants were present, these soldiers just moved over, took the building and searched it for loot. It was all over town that the army was suppressing the unions, and doubtless it went abroad in that fashion. But within three hours the undisciplined soldiers were out by orders of the municipal commander and the labor boys were moving in again. And the final Get Together festivity between workers and soldiers, planned for that afternoon as a close of the Labor Federation, went on just the same!

Labor officials explained to me, just as they might in America, with calm realism:

> We are back in the building today. About tomorrow no one knows. The military elements are against us. These elements have much strength even in Wuhan. . . But so far, we also have some strength in Wuhan, which permits us to organize and exist openly. For this reason we still regard Wuhan as our revolutionary government, since it alone allows workers and peasants to organize and gain strength. All the others have no strength but soldiery, and the rich elements who can buy protection of soldiery.

This is the Wuhan which is called so red! It is only a little gleam of civil government, trying so hard to breathe and survive in the surging waters of militarism. Not only the militarism of the north, but its own militarists, Chiang Kai Shek who went out from its ranks at the first real hint of strong civil control, and the others who still remain fighting for Wuhan, but diluted with so many conflicting, undisciplined elements of ambition and greed. And it is against this so tiny but hopeful flame that the powers of earth array themselves, demanding (they all do) a "strong man" in China.

Hankow, July 1. ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

July 4th in Hankow

I had a half a dozen engagements this morning, but I simply can't go out on account of the rain. Sounds strange for an old Seattleite! But Seattle never knew rain like this. From my veranda I see streets flooded from side to side with water that the sewers cannot at once carry away. The rickshas stand tilted against buildings while their owners hide for shelter. Incidentally, for the first time in a week I feel energetic. It is cool, relatively so at least.

Of course, even in the coolest summer weather in Hankow one wears the thinnest clothes possible and never thinks of any kind of coat morning or night. It I move rapidly upstairs even during this downpour, I find myself perspiring. But for the past few nights I have managed to sleep only by judiciously directing the stream of air from an electric fan on my body all night long; and when I awake as early as five in the morning, I find my chest and neck (which I keep out of the current of the fan to avoid illness) dripping wet with perspiration while still lying in bed.

My type-writer also has suffered. Only two months from New York, where I bought it new from the factory, it refused to work this week and had to be overhauled for rust and general exhaustion.

Later—I have just returned from a visit to the Women's Union of Hankow, where I talked with two charming girls of about twenty to twenty-five years of age. There are 3000 members of their organization in this city, all organized since the Nationalists came. Above them is the Provincial Women's Union, and beyond that the Central Women's Union for all the Nationalist territory.

These are not government organizations, but voluntary societies of women, more or less like trade unions, in that they work for women's rights as the unions work for workers' rights. They assume a certain amount of semi-legal power in settling complaints of oppression that come to them. This falls in well with the old Chinese tradition, whereby hardly anyone ever went to actual law courts for his troubles, but to some arbitration organization which had moral prestige. When a case comes to the Women's Union that is very serious, they may send it to the courts.

Their normal work, of course, is the holding of meetings, and the securing of members, and the carrying on of propaganda for the equality of women, the unbinding of feet, the right of "free marriage" which means that young people should choose their own mates instead of having their parents dispose of them. This reminds me of a conversation I had the other day, which illustrates how easily misunderstandings arise. A rather conservative Chinese youth criticised a girl of his acquaintance as "practising free love."

I asked if he meant that she was living with a man without marriage. He was much shocked. "Oh, no" he said, "but she chose her own fiancé. She fell in love and declared her love before she was married. She announced her feelings before her parents permit." This is very horrifying to old style Chinese, who call it "free" love, in contrast to properly permitted love. Decent Chinese young folks were formerly expected to fall in love only after marriage.

The Hankow Women's Union has eight separate District Unions. All its secretariat works without wages, except for one recording secretary who gets $5 a month (gold) and her room and board at the

Central Headquarters where she is supposed to be always available.

During the month of May the Women's Union conducted house to house work against foot-binding. This was the completion of the agitation which began some months earlier, when the agitation went on in factories among women workers. I was told that in one cotton mill in the British Concession the drive against foot-binding assumed such enthusiasm that the street outside was littered with the long binding cloths, which the women tore off and threw away in a simultaneous demonstration. They even tore the binding off the feet of women who were not quite convinced.

By May the campaign reached the quieter stage of house to house canvas, to round up any who had not yet been reached in the factories and market places. The Women's Union assured me that today there are very few women under thirty with bound feet in Hankow. The older women are left alone, since women over forty could not walk without their bandages, while between thirty and forty it seems to be a question whether their feet will become more efficient or not for the removal. But all women under thirty are fined by the Women's Union unless they remove the bonds. This is the revolutionary method of tackling a problem which has been discussed for over a generation by gentler souls.

I asked about what special help they had given to oppressed women and was given two striking cases. A prostitute came to them for aid, explaining that she had been sold as a slave girl by her parents and had been exploited in the house of a certain woman. Finally she had met a decent, honest man who wanted to marry her and she wanted her freedom to marry him. But the owner of the house refused to let her go, as she had brought her up from a child and paid money for her. Under the old law of China, if such a woman ran away, the police would bring her back to her owner. But she heard of the Women's Union and fled to them. They put her case through the court, freed her, and she is now living happily married to the man she chose.

Another case is of a girl born in Hankow, and fairly well educated, but married off by her parents to a poor country family. Her husband died, and according to country custom, her parents-in-law had the right to sell her. She heard that they contemplated doing this, so she came to Hankow as if visiting her parents, but actually to visit the Women's Union. That organization gave her protection, secured for her a scholarship in a political training school, since she already had ordinary schooling. She is now one of the women propagandists with the army, whose duty it is to go into backward peasant districts and organize Women's Unions.

I am told that there are 10,000 members of Women's Unions in Hupeh Province, 5000 in Hunan and 2000 in Honan where the work has just begun. The pioneers in the work are some 400 women propagandists who travel with the Political Department of the Army and work under its direction as fast as territory is acquired. They wear neat uniforms of knickers and army jacket, and tell the peasant women, the difference between our army and the northern militarists. We have come to bring new ideas and abolish dark customs. You must remember that every woman, even if she is a member of a family, is also an individual human being. It is your duty to make your own choices. Of course, it is a good thing for father and mother to advise you in your marriage, but you also must decide in your own mind what you desire. Women and men are now equal before the law. Women can inherit property. If any woman is oppressed let her come to the Women's Union, which we have come to organize under the Nationalist Government in accordance with the new principles of equality.

Such is the propaganda as announced to me by three girl propagandists just back from the army. Two of them were as earnest as school-marms; the other was constantly giggling at her own attempts to speak some English, but looked even more full of energy than the first two. I asked if they ever met ill treatment as they went into peasant or city homes in their masculine soldier costume.

The answer: "Oh, no, everyone is polite. The women give us tea and say 'Yes, yes.'" I fear it is the old compromising politeness of China plus a fear of offending anyone travelling with the army. But in some cases their seed falls on good ground. As soon as they have enough converts to start a local Women's Union, they seem to move on to the next place leaving the Women's Union to function under the civil government, which also has been newly established by the Nationalists.

Today is July 4th. There was a reception at the American consulate where they served champagne, punch, a few sandwiches and chocolate fudge. Prohibition doesn't hold outside our own borders for either navy or civilian officials.

Hankow, July 4. ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

Moh Tih—One of the Immortals

[NOTE: The author of this article writes: "I wrote this with UNITY in mind. It was UNITY which discovered Gandhi as far as America was concerned. Moh Tih is another great name which probably not one person in tens of thousands in the United States ever heard, a state of affairs which should be remedied." We agree, and are therefore particularly proud and happy to print Mr. Kingman's important article. —Ed.]

"His teaching about love seems very similar to that of Moh Tih" is a remark which a missionary in China sometimes hears after he has spoken of Jesus. It is this fact that one of their own great philosophers, who lived twenty-four hundred years ago, taught and lived in a manner much like that of the founder of the Christian faith which constitutes one of the serious obstacles in the path of any drive to persuade China's four hundred million that in Jesus lies the *only* way of salvation.

As one talks with Chinese young men about Jesus Christ and his ideals seldom is there any expression of other than admiration for a life and teaching so consistent and revolutionary. China not only needs but welcomes Jesus. The Anti-Christian Movement attacks not the Master but the unChristian aspects of the Christian enterprise in China, aspects which Christ also would condemn.

But although many Chinese students today seem anxious to acquire something of "the spirit

of Jesus," and freely admit to having derived inspiration from him, there are few of China's intelligensia who are now formally entering the exclusive portals of the Christian Church. The other day the writer, thrilled after just having read anew of Moh Tih's life, asked two Chinese—one a Christian worker and one a Christian student—whether or not the re-awakened interest in Moh Tih might in any respect be held responsible for this growing unwillingness to seek Christian baptism.

Yes, Moh Tih is a factor in the situation (said the former). Jesus has a great contribution to make to China but it becomes more and more difficult for those missionaries in China who think it necessary to insist that he must be considered absolutely unique and therefore must be followed exclusively. For in Moh Tih China has a leader who was much like Christ. Jesus had the more clearcut program of the two and had a much more satisfying conception of God. But in life and in most of their main principles there seems to be striking resemblance between the two.

The student said "I regard Jesus and Moh Tih with equal respect." Those of us who have found God through Jesus may well be expected to feel that Jesus experienced far closer communion with spiritual reality than did Moh Tih, but nevertheless we cannot but perceive how natural it is that the uniqueness of Jesus should not loom up in China as it does in the West. The story of a noble humanitarian who stood ready to suffer for his ideals was acted out in this land long, long ago. Because they feel that Jesus should occupy the highest pedestal alone some missionaries seem to feel it necessary to attempt to discount Moh Tih. Their motive may be good but their method excoriates truth. We have not gone so far in the laying hold of full understanding in an evolving world that we can afford to discount any helpful contribution simply because it does not issue from a properly accredited source. Jesus himself would surely have looked upon Moh Tih as a kindred spirit and would have marked him out as a worthy fellow-leader in the crusade for a good world.

The name of Moh Tih is little known outside China, and even in his own land the founder of Mohism is only now beginning again to claim the allegiance of any considerable following. But if truth and love cannot die then it is safe to prophesy that after these hundreds of years of neglect Moh Tih will again take his place as one of the chief sages of the Flowery Kingdom, and that his fame shall eventually spread throughout the entire world. For here is a Christ who lived half a thousand years before the man of Judea, with a viewpoint on life for the lack of which our modern civilization is approaching the precipice at whose base lies destruction.

Probably no other important personage has been so neglected by the biographer. Dr. Hu Shih, to whose book "The Development of the Logical Method in Ancient China" I am indebted for much that I include in this article, says "Moh Tih, perhaps one of the greatest souls China has ever produced, has never had a biographer until the twentieth century." With the exception of Dr. Hu's works there has been almost no attempt made in writing, so far as the writer knows, to acquaint users of the English language with the message of one of the significant figures of history.

The founder of Mohism was born about 500 B. C. and lived for about 80 years. He was, like Confucius, of the state of Lu, and it is held by some authorities that he studied in Confucian schools. So far as is known he did not, because of his revolutionary principles, die a violent death. He apparently accomplished the less spectacular but even more impressive and difficult feat of living to an old age without losing his enthusiasm or surrendering his ideals because of the down-drag of an inimical or unheeding society.

Dr. Hu Shih says that:

Moh Tih is the only Chinese who can truly be said to have founded a religion. For Taoism was not founded by Lao Tze nor was Confucianism founded by Confucius. Mohism was once a religion of great vitality and wide following. As a religion Mohism repudiates determinism and holds that the salvation of the individual depends on his own efforts to do good. It believes in the existence of spirits and ghosts who possess intelligence and power to reward and punish men according to their deserts. It has as its basic tenet the doctrine of the Will of Heaven which is "Love All." This doctrine of universal altruism is a repudiation of the Confucian principle of a gradation of love decreasing with the remoteness of the relationship.

Mohism proposes:

Leaders who wish to assume the responsibility of ruling the country should seek the prime source of unrest. . It is lack of mutual love. Robbers love their own homes but not the homes of others, so they rob other homes in order to benefit their own. Dukes love their own dominions but not those of others so they disturb the others for the benefit of their own. Kings love their own countries but not others' and therefore fight with other countries for the sake of their own. The source of all this evil action is lack of mutual love. If all through the world people will regard the families of others as their own who will then rob, steal or disturb? If Kings regard other countries as their own who will fight? When there is mutual love there is peace; when there is mutual hatred there is war.

One of the chief reasons why Mohism, after two centuries of wide acceptance, met with the serious antagonism of Mencius and other Confucian disciples was that Moh Tih handled Confucianism without gloves. He expressed thorough dissatisfaction with the ritualism and formalism of the Confucians.

He was of a highly religious temperament (says Hu Shih) and was disgusted with the early Confucians who accepted the ancient institution of ancestor worship, and devised extravagant rituals for funeral and burial but who were mostly atheists, or at best agnostics. . . . Above all he rebelled against their attitudinarianism which refused to consider the practical consequences of beliefs, theories, and institutions.

Moh Tih was the first great Chinese pragmatist. His main position might be expressed thus: the meaning of every institution lies in what it is good for, and the meaning of every conception or belief or policy lies in what kind of conduct or character it is fitted to produce.

The old philosopher said:

Any principle which can elevate conduct should be perpetuated. That which cannot elevate conduct should be discarded. To perpetuate anything that cannot elevate conduct is nothing but a waste of speech.

He was indefatigable, as was Socrates, in pointing out and condemning the widespread practice of dissociating general principles from their practical bearing upon life and conduct.

A *sine quâ non* of Mohism has been the asceticism of its founder and its followers. Moh Tih and his disciples lived a simple life, ate frugally, wore the plainest clothing, encouraged hard labor, denied themselves all indulgence, abolished all ritualism and display.

Since the principle of universal love was the keynote of his teaching Moh Tih was naturally a pacifist, and unlike other Chinese sages of pacifistic tendencies he condemned *all* war. He said:

Of all sins attacking a country in war is the greatest. If people talk of morality and high virtues but do not try to abolish war they are concerning themselves with comparatively small things, not with essentials.

There is a story of Moh Tih, found in several sources, which illustrates the intensity of his conviction on this matter. The chief of the military engineering corps of the kingdom of Chu, Kung Shu-pan, had completed a new device for the scaling of beleaguered city-walls, and his King was consequently preparing to attack a neighboring state. Moh Tih, hearing of this premediated assault, started out from his dwelling-place and travelled on foot for ten days and ten nights, arriving at the capital city exhausted but in time. He promptly sought and gained an interview with Kung Shu-pan, and by his earnestness and logic succeeded in convincing the militarist of the evil of his course. He then sought out the king and managed to dissuade him also from waging the intended war. His interview with the military engineer concluded thus: "Before I met you I had wanted to conquer the State of Sung," said Kung. "But since I have seen you I would not have it even if it were given me without resistance but unjustly." Moh Tih replied: "If so, then it is as if I had already given you the State of Sung. Persist in your righteous course and I will give you the whole world."

Moh Tih's pragmatic method as well as his attitude towards war is well illustrated in this following discourse of his:

Here is a man who enters his neighbor's orchard and steals some peaches and plums therefrom. When this is known, he is condemned by the public, and when caught will be fined by the government. Wherefore? Because he has injured his neighbor to profit himself. And if he steals from his neighbor a dog, a pig, or a chicken he commits a wrong greater than the stealing of peaches and plums. Why? Because he has done a greater injury to another man; and the greater injury he does, the greater the wrong and the severer shall be his punishment. And if he goes so far as to waylay an innocent man, take away his fur coat and cloak, and stab him with a sword, then his crime is still greater. Why? Because he has done thereby a greater injury. And the greater the injury a man does another, the greater is his crime and the severer shall be his punishment. In all these cases the gentlemen of the world agree to condemn this man and declare "He is wrong."

But there is the greatest of all crimes—the invasion of one nation by another. But the gentlemen of the world not only refuse to condemn it, but even praise it and declare "It is right." Shall we say that these gentlemen know the distinction between right and wrong? Killing one man constitutes a crime and is punishable by death. Applying the same principle, the killing of ten men makes the crime ten times greater and ten times as punishable; similarly the killing of a hundred men increases the crime a hundred fold and makes it that many times as punishable. All this the gentlemen of the world unanimously condemn and pronounce to be wrong.

But when they come to judge the greatest of all wrongs —the invasion of one state by another—(which is a hundred thousand times more criminal than the killing of one innocent man) they cannot see that they should condemn it. On the contrary they praise it and call it right. *Indeed they do not know it is wrong.* . . . Here is a world which condemns a petty wrong and praises the greatest of all wrongs, the attack of one nation upon another, and calls it right. Can we say that the world knows the distinction between right and wrong?

Moh Tih's pragmatic attitude did not lead him to entirely ignore the importance of the motive which prompted an action. Wu Ma-tze once said to him:

Your doctrine of loving all men has not yet benefited the world, nor has my contrary doctrine done it any harm. Since neither has produced any (visible) consequences why do you always approve your own theory and condemn mine?

Moh Tih answered:

Here is a (house on) fire. One man is seeking water to extinguish it. Another man is seeking a torch to spread the conflagration. Neither has as yet succeeded in accomplishing anything, but which of them do you approve?

When the critic was constrained to admit that the motive could not be ignored, Moh Tih concluded: "Therefore I approve my own method and condemn yours."

One of the reasons for the eclipse of Mohism was, as has been stated, the antagonism of the Confucianists. Another occasion for it was that a doctrine of love and anti-militarism was fundamentally out of place in a period of constant warfare, a period when China was being successfully unified by force by the warriors of the State of Chin. Han Fei frankly remarked:

What are incompatible with each other should not coexist. To reward those who kill their enemies and at the same time to praise acts of mercy and benevolence; to honor those who capture cities and at the same time to believe in the doctrine of universal love . . . how can an efficient and strong State result from such contradictory acts?

Mohism was persecuted by the Chin militarists and its books were burned, along with those of Confucius.

It was with some justification that Moh Tih was so genuinely disliked by the militarists of his day. For he mercilessly exposed their high-sounding manifestoes in which they urged other people to eschew all immoral action. He remarked that when they "undertake to define virtue and benevolence even the wisest men of antiquity cannot surpass them" but "they praise the *name* of righteousness and do not recognize the *substance* of it. They may be likened unto the blind man who can say the names 'black' and 'white' as well as any seeing man, but who does not in practice differentiate between black and white." Is it any wonder that the rulers of Moh Tih's day felt that such "subtle and speculative theories are no business of the people?"

Important as were his teachings the salient contribution of Moh Tih, as of Jesus, was a life lived bravely and unflinchingly in accordance with the principles laid down. Mencius, foe of Mohism in his jealous zeal for Confucianism, when he considered not the teachings but the actions of Moh Tih was constrained to express generous admiration. He wrote:

Moh Tih loved all men, and would gladly wear out his whole being from head to heel for the benefit of mankind.

Another critic of the exponent of the Will of Heaven, Chuang Tze said:

The life of the Mohists is toilsome and their death ritual is too simple. . . . Their way is difficult to practice. . . . It is against human nature and man cannot stand it. Though Moh Tze himself could bear it how about the world? . . . But Moh Tze was certainly a glory to the world. What he could not attain he would never cease to seek, even though it be in privation and destitution. Ah, what a genius he was!

Today China is deserting her age-long reliance upon reason and benevolence and is surrendering to the Western principle of building the State upon the bulwark of might. Whole-heartedly intent upon winning back national self-respect, the Chinese have capitulated to the religion of their exploiters—the religion of force. But wistfully and reverently an increasing number of the Chinese intelligentsia are thinking and speaking of the old Master—the advocate of the doctrine of universal love who lived more than four centuries before the glorious Galilean who taught and lived the message that not violence, but

love, will in the long run prove to be the life principle *sans pareil*. From the dim and distant past a Chinese voice quietly speaks to China and to the world, to a humanity which is making ready for suicide. The high priests of the religion of Mars, by burning his books and pouring scorn upon his impracticable teachings, felt that they had exterminated their enemy, Moh Tih. But now it appears that they failed. Increasingly this intrepid old champion will prove to be one of those who will hearten the fast filling ranks of those who mean to prove at all costs that love and truth can constitute a more potent instrument for building a livable world than lethal weapons. The direst need of the world is for a better method than violence for the overcoming of every evil which hampers the full realization of life for all men. Moh Tih, who said:

> Mutual love is righteousness but warfare is unrighteousness. The former is beneficial to Heaven, spirit, country and humanity—the latter means destruction to all

is one of those who furnishes us venturous resolution for the quest.

Tientsin, China. HARRY KINGMAN.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART III—CHAPTERS XIX AND XX

A Month With Gokhale—III.

The terrible sacrifice offered to Kali in the name of religion enhanced my desire to know Bengali life. I had read and heard a good deal about the Brahmo Samaj. I knew something about the life of Pratap Chandra Mazumdar. I had attended some of the meetings addressed by him. I secured his life of Keshub Chandra Sen, read it with great interest, and understood the distinction between Sadharan Brahmo Samaj and Adi Brahmo Samaj. I met Pandit Shivanath Shastri and went in company with Prof. Kathavate to see Maharshi Debendra Nath Tagore, but as no interviews with him were allowed then, we could not see him. We were, however, invited to a celebration of the Brahmo Samaj held at his place, and there we had the privilege of listening to fine Bengali music. Ever since I have been a lover of Bengali music. Having seen enough of the Brahmo Samaj, it was impossible to be satisfied without having seen Swami Vivekanand. So with great enthusiasm I went to Belur Math, mostly or may be all the way on foot, I forget now which. I love the sequestered site of the Math. I was disappointed and sorry to be told that the Swami was ill and could not be seen and that he was at his Calcutta house. I then ascertained the place of residence of Sister Nivedita, and saw her in a Chowringhee mansion. I was taken aback by the splendor that surrounded her, and even in our conversation there was not much meeting-ground. I spoke to Gokhale about this and he told me that he did not wonder that there could be no point of contact between me and a volatile person like her.

I met her again at Mr. Pestonji Padshah's place. I happened to turn up just as she was talking to his old mother, and so I became an interpreter between the two. In spite of my failure to find any agreement with her I could not but notice and admire her overflowing love for Hinduism. I came to know of her books later.

I used to divide my day between seeing the leading people in Calcutta regarding the work in South Africa, and visiting and studying the religions and public institutions of Calcutta. I once addressed a meeting presided over by Dr. Mullick on the work of the Indian Ambulance Corps in the Boer War. My acquaintance with *The Englishman* stood me in good stead on this occasion too. Mr. Saunders was ill then, but he rendered me as much help as in 1896. Gokhale liked this speech of mine, and he was very glad to hear Dr. Roy praising it.

Thus my stay under the roof of Gokhale made my work in Calcutta very easy, brought me in touch with the foremost Bengali families and was the beginning of my intimate contact with Bengal.

I must needs skip over many a reminiscence of this memorable month. Let me but mention my flying visit to Burma and the Foongis* there. I was pained at their lethargy. I saw the golden pagoda. I did not like the innumerable little candles burning there, and the rats running about the sanctum of the temple brought to my mind thoughts of Swami Dayanand's experience at Morbi. The freedom and energy of the Burmese women charmed me, and the indolence of the men pained me. I also saw, during my brief sojourn, that as Bombay was not India, Rangoon was not Burma, and that as we in India have become commission agents of English merchants, even so in Burma we have combined with the English merchants, in making the Burmese people our commission agents.

On return from Burma I took my leave of Gokhale. It was a wrench to be separated from him, but my work in Bengal, or rather Caluctta, had been finished, and I had no occasion to stay any longer.

Before I settled down I had thought of making a tour through India traveling third class, and of acquainting myself with the hardships of the third class passengers. I spoke to Gokhale about this. At first he ridiculed the idea, but when I explained to him what I hoped to see he cheerfully approved of it. I first planned to go to Benares to pay my respects to Mrs. Besant who was then ill.

I had to equip myself anew for the third class tour. Gokhale himself gave me a metal tiffin-box and got it replenished with sweetballs and *puris*. I purchased a canvas bag worth twelve annas, and got a long coat made of Chhaya† wool. The bag was to contain this coat, a dhoti, a towel and a shirt. I had a blanket too to cover myself with, and a water jug. Thus equipped I started on my journey. Gokhale and Dr. Roy came to the station to see me off. I had asked them both not to trouble to come, but they insisted on

---

*Monks.

†A place in Porbandar State noted for its woolen fabrics.

coming. "I should not have come if you had gone first class, but now I must come," said Gokhale.

No one stopped Gokhale from going on to the platform. He was in his silk turban, jacket and dhoti. Dr. Roy was in his Bengali dress. He was stopped by the ticket collector, but on Gokhale telling him that he was his friend, he was admitted.

Thus with their good wishes I started on my journey.

In Benares

The journey was from Calcutta to Rajkot, and I wanted to halt at Benares, Agra, Jaypur and Palanpur *en route*. I had not the time to see any more places than these. I stayed a day at each one of these places, and in *dharmashalas* or with Pandas like the ordinary pilgrims, excepting at Palanpur. So far as I can remember I did not spend more than Rs. 31 (including the train fare) on this journey.

In traveling third class I mostly preferred the ordinary to the mail trains, as I knew that the latter used to be crowded, and there was of course the objection of the fare being higher for third class by mail.

The third class compartments were as dirty and the closet arrangements were as bad as today, though there might be a little improvement now. But the difference between the facilities provided for the first and the third classes is out of all proportion to that between the fares for the two classes. Third class passengers are treated like sheep and their comforts are sheep's comforts. In Europe I traveled third—and only once first, just to see what it was like—but there I noticed no such difference between the first and the third classes. In South Africa third class passengers are mostly Negroes, yet the third class comforts are better than here. In parts of South Africa third class compartments are provided with sleeping accommodation, and cushioned seats. The accommodation is also regulated, so as to prevent overcrowding, whereas here I have found the regulation limit mostly exceeded.

The indifference of the railway authorities to the comforts of the third class passengers, combined with the dirty and inconsiderate habits of the passengers themselves, makes third class traveling a trial for a passenger with cleanly habits. These uncleanly habits commonly include spitting and throwing of rubbish in the compartment, smoking at all hours and in all places, betel and tobacco chewing and converting the whole carriage into a spittoon, shouting and yelling, and using foul language, regardless of the convenience or comfort of fellow passengers. I have noticed little difference between my experience of the third class traveling in 1902 and that of my unbroken third class tours from 1915 to 1919. I can think of only one remedy for this awful state of things, and it is this, that educated men should make a point of traveling third class and reforming the habits of the people, as also of never letting the railway authorities rest in peace by complaints wherever necessary, never resorting to bribes or any unlawful means for the sake of their own comforts, and never putting up with infringements of rules on the part of any one concerned.

This, I am sure, will bring about considerable improvement. My serious illness in 1918-19 has unfortunately compelled me practically to give up third class traveling, and it has always been a matter for pain and shame to me, especially because the disability should have come at a time when the agitation for the removal of the hardships of third class passengers was making fair headway. The hardships of poor railway and steamship passengers, accentuated by their bad habits, the undue facilities allowed by Government to foreign trade, and such other things, make an important subject by itself worthy to be taken up by one or two enterprising and persevering workers devoting their full time to it.

But I shall leave the third class passengers at that, and come to my experiences in Benares. I reached there in the morning. I had decided to put up with a *Panda*. Numerous Brahmans surrounded me, as soon as I got out of the train, and I selected the house of one of them who struck me as comparatively cleaner and better than the rest. It proved to be a good choice. There was a cow in the courtyard of the house which had a storey where I was given my lodging. I did not want to have any food without ablution in the Ganges in the proper orthodox manner. The *Panda* made preparations for it. I had told him beforehand that on no account could I give him more than a rupee and four annas as *dakshina*, and that he should therefore have that in view in making the preparations.

The *Panda* readily assented. "Be the pilgrim rich or poor," said he, "the service is the same in every case. But the amount of *dakshina* we receive depends upon the will and the ability of the pilgrim." I did not find that the *Panda* at all abridged the usual formalities in my case. The *Puja* was over at twelve o'clock, and I went to the Kashi Vishvanath temple for *darshan*. I was deeply pained by what I saw there. When practicing as a barrister in Bombay in 1891, I had occasion to attend a lecture on "Pilgrimage to Kashi" in the Prarthana Samaj hall. I was therefore prepared for some measure of disappointment. But my actual disappointment was greater than I had bargained for.

The approach was through a narrow and slippery lane. Quiet there was none. The swarming flies and the noise made by the shopkeepers and the pilgrims were simply insufferable.

Where one expected an atmosphere of meditation and prayer, this was conspicuous by its absence. If one wanted to meditate, one must fall back upon oneself. I did observe devout sisters, who were absorbed in meditation, entirely unconscious of the environment. But for this the authorities of the temple could scarcely claim any credit. The authorities should be responsible for creating and maintaining about the temple a pure, sweet, and serene atmosphere, physical as well as moral. Instead of this I saw a *bazar* where cunning shopkeepers were selling sweets and toys of the latest fashion.

When I reached the temple, I was greeted at the entrance by a stinking mass of rotten flowers. The inside was paved with fine marble, which was, however, broken by some devotee innocent of aesthetic taste who had set rupees in it. And the rupees served as an excellent receptacle for dirt.

I went near the *Jnana-vapi* (the Well of Knowledge). I had searched here for God but failed to find Him. I was not therefore in a particularly good temper. The surroundings of the *Jnana-vapi* too I found to be filthy. I had no mind to offer any *dakshina*. I therefore offered a pie. The *Panda* in charge got angry and threw away the pie. He swore at me and said, "This insult will take you straight to hell."

This did not perturb me. "Maharaj," said I, "whatever fate has in store for me, it does not behoove one of your class to indulge in such language. You may take the pie if you like, or you will lose that too."

"Go away," he replied. "I don't care for your pie." And then followed a further volley of abuse.

I took up the pie and went my way, flattering myself that the Brahman had lost a pie and I had saved it. But the Maharaj was hardly the man to let the pie go. He called me back and said, "All right, leave the pie here. I would rather not be as you are. If I refuse your pie, it will be bad for you."

I silently gave him the pie and went away with a sigh.

I have since been to Kashi Vishvanath twice, but that was after I had already been afflicted with the title of *Mahatma,* and experiences, such as I have detailed above, had become impossible. People eager to have my *darshan* would not permit me to have a *darshan* of the temple. The woes of *Mahatmas* are known to *Mahatmas* alone. Otherwise the filth and the noise were the same as before.

If any one doubts the mercy of God, let him have a look at these sacred places. How much hypocrisy and irreligion does the Prince of Yogis suffer to be perpetrated in His holy name? He announced long ago that "whatever a man sows, that shall he reap." The law of Karma is inexorable and impossible of evasion. There is thus hardly any need for God to interfere. He laid down the law and retired, as it were.

After this visit to the temple, I waited upon Mrs. Besant. I knew that she had just recovered from illness. I sent in my name. She came at once. As I wished only to see her, I said, "I am aware that you are in delicate health. I only wanted to have a look at you. I am thankful that you have been good enough to see me in spite of your indifferent health. I will not detain you any longer."

So saying I took leave of her.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

Delphiniums and Roses

July 10. A sweltering week in town makes us doubly grateful for the peace and beauty of the country. Summer is upon us! What changes in a few days. The birds seem to revel in the heat. From early morning until sundown they flit merrily from tree to tree and dart down, frequently, to splash in the bird pools. Even the warblers enjoy the pools now. The grounds are alive with music of the birds and twittering of the young. Only the noon-hour is hushed: it is too hot then, even for our feathered friends.

The nestlings are now quite grown and, except for their coloring, it is difficult to distinguish them from the older birds, unless at feeding time, which seems to be always. They follow the parent birds about the lawn; young mouths forever open, and young voices forever demanding more. The blackbirds, especially, are never satisfied and it is amusing to see three or four of them dogging the mother's footsteps and impatiently clamoring for each insect as it is lifted from the grass.

The purple martins finally condescended to occupy the house we erected for them on the edge of the garden. It is interesting to watch them flying swiftly, high above the tree-tops, circling their little house several times and finally alighting upon a wire, conveniently strung for them, thence darting into their house. Although harried and tormented by the sparrows they are raising their brood. The little wrens in their tiny brown house in the garden are raising their third brood. What merry, industrious, friendly birds they are! A few days ago, one wren sat upon a post, singing blithely. Suddenly, a swoop, and it returned with a moth in its mouth! Looking all about, and seeming pleased that it was observed, it laid the moth upon the post, secured it with its claws, and soon there was only a bit of the body left. With this in its mouth, the wren darted into its house and fed its young. In a few moments, its little head emerged from the entrance and a pair of bright eyes followed us about the garden.

Only once this season have we seen that most beautiful of birds, the indigo bunting, on our grounds. It made a swift tour of the garden, and departed. But I had a delightful view of one as I motored along a country lane. Sharply defined against a leafy tree, he stood. He must have been a very young one: he looked so puffy and downy—a much paler blue than the older bird—with flecks of white, or palest blue, as soft as swan's-down. We passed so quickly that I only had a glimpse, but we backed the car and watched him for a moment or two. He looked rather inquiringly about, not at all annoyed by our presence, and then flew lightly across the road and rested upon a dead branch. We watched him until he fluttered down onto a bank and was lost in the grasses. This seems to be our shyest bird, although I have heard that it sometimes becomes quite tame and companionable.

Today—A heavy thunder storm. Rain, deluging the thirsty plants, sent us swiftly to the veranda. The water came pouring down the sloping lawn; the branches twisted and bent and scattered their leaves in the heavy wind; apples tumbled pell-mell from the trees, and vivid flashes of lightning pierced the black clouds. White caps rode the angry purple waves of the lake. It was a majestic storm to watch through the trunks and branches of the trees. One would have thought that the tall plants would be battered down and the smaller ones surely drowned, and that the storm would never cease. But, suddenly, the sun emerged and a double rainbow spanned the eastern sky, the delphiniums and lilies were as erect as ever. Indeed all the flowers looked refreshed.

The poppies are flowering in profusion—white, red, yellow, orange and pink. The fragrant wallflower has come into its second blooming, not so

high nor so beautiful as earlier in the season, but a very welcome addition to the garden. The delphiniums have repaid our care—for the aphis affected them for the first time, and they required constant spraying. But now they are vigorous and many of the stalks five feet tall, with spikes of flowers, in varying tones of blue, twelve to fifteen inches. How charming the dark blue ones are, looking down upon a riot of yellow daisies or day-lilies at their feet! And how gorgeous the intense blue, with their markings of purple brought into strong relief by the scarlet turk's cap lilies! But most beautiful of all—to me—are the tall clumps of pale blue, mauve, intense blue, against a background of pink ramblers and another climbing single rose of pink with white centre, and the white ramblers which cover the lattice at the rear of the garden.

The climbing roses—Ramblers, Dorothy Perkins and American Beauties will soon have finished their blooming but the garden roses will linger far into the autumn. There, American Beauty vies with La France and Claude Piermet; the delicate Cecil Brunner almost blooms itself to death; the Aaron Ward throws forth its blossoms beside the Jacqueminot. Frau Druschki will bravely blossom even after frost. But our most beautiful rose is the Juliet. For years we have known these roses abroad, where their large blossoms of gold and saffron and apricot often surmount woody stems at least three feet in height. The foliage is not green, as in other roses, but is composed of all the autumn tones. There is another beauty—Mrs. Warrenden, I believe the name is—the large bud of which has loosely folded leaves of flame color, and when it opens, the huge single rose shows a heart of glowing gold.

The German Iris is long since gone but the Japanese Iris is still in bloom—a rarely dignified flower. The single blossoms are very large and resemble lilies—ours are purple and white and mauve and the flowers last several days.

Red Lychnis gives a charming note of color to the garden, especially when flowering above a grey-blue mist of vervain. Sweet William has bloomed in great profusion and scarcely a color is lacking from white to a red so deep that it is almost black. Forget-me-nots have wandered at their own sweet will and appear in most unexpected places, as does, also, love-in-the-mist. This is a most tenacious plant, which seeds itself, and keeps me busy trying to exterminate it, for, like most self-seeders, it deteriorates each season, and each year there seems to be as much as ever. Purple and white foxglove are also in bloom, and violas, pansies and calendula require constant picking.

The wild-flower garden has lost most of its charm, although the colonies of maiden-hair and wood fern are denser than ever. But another month will find asters—purple and white and rose—golden-rod, calliopsis, butter-fly weed, ox-eyed daisies and brown-eyed Susans, bottle gentians, blue lobelia, purple and rose vetch, yarrow, and many other plants in bloom.

July 17. How beautiful the country is! There has been sufficient rain to keep everything green. The foliage on the trees seems denser than ever. It hides the lake almost entirely from the cottage. The farmers are all busy haying and harvesting their rye and wheat, and the corn looks well in spite of its late start.

The delphiniums have blossomed and been cut back, to give them strength for their second blooming. The hardy phlox has done especially well and already great heads of it are in bloom. Monarda is covered with fragrant rose-colored pom-poms. Candytuft, in all its varying shades, and gypsophila give grace and beauty to the garden. Calendula shows all the gorgeous tones of primrose, lemon, apricot and orange, and the zinnias are in bud. Already, though early, dahlias are beginning to bloom, and their buds must be cut back.

The apple trees, such a short time ago almost hidden in their rosy mist of blossoms, are now weighted down with green fruit. It is not unusual to see a chipmunk below a tree, calmly holding an apple between its paws, turning it about and munching it; or to watch a squirrel climb the tree, detach an apple from the branch and descend, holding it by its stem, and then scurry away to its nest, perhaps dropping the apple half a dozen times but always recovering it.

We do not see so many birds around the cottage now; they prefer the fruit and vegetable gardens. Today I visited the raspberry patch, and found that orioles, wood-peckers and grackles had already taken possession of it. Most of the ripe raspberries had been nipped off, as clean as if picked by hand. It seems a bit hard that the birds should choose our fruit, when wild fruit is so easy to find. How gladly I would give them a fruit garden all their own! But fruit alone does not content them. The peas were stripped from many vines by the orioles, just as they were ready to be picked. A whole week's supply was carried off by the birds, and we are now buying from neighbors.

July 24. Most of the week has been spent in cutting down stalks of plants which have finished blooming, and in gathering seeds for next year's plants. Delphinium, pyrethrum, lychnis and columbine are already throwing out new sprouts and, in a month, will again be covered with bloom—not so tall, nor so beautiful, as the earlier ones, to be sure—but very welcome, nevertheless, when flowers are scarce.

The veranda tables are already covered with boxes of seeds—primula, myosotis, wall-flowers, ranunculus, oriental poppies, and a few choice delphinium, and each corner is decorated (?) with cuttings of myosotis and hardy chrysanthemums, to which will soon be added hardy phlox. They look sorry enough now but soon will take root and be ready to sleep away the winter in the cold frame and emerge quite sturdy in the spring, ready to bloom in the autumn.

Already the garden grows uninteresting—there are only a few asters and zinnias and some of the later lilies to come into bloom, but the anticipation of next summer fills us with delight. A clump of phlox, which is off-color, to be removed here and there; the addition of pink, white or yellow lilies to bring into strong relief the scarlet of lychnis or the blue of delphinium or vervain; columbine to be massed, instead of straggling plants; strange new plants to watch—such as the eremurus or the tall sturdy Himalayan myosotis or the perennial scabiosa—all these claim our interest.

H. S. N.

The Study Table

Great Poems

UNITY has not space for adequate consideration of these great works.* We cannot pass them by, however, for we would bear witness that here are poems of immortal worth. Why despair of American literature, when two such poems as these are published in a single year? What country in all the world, England or any other, has registered such august and memorable achievement in the field of modern letters?

"The King's Henchman" is a poetic drama in three acts, written primarily as a libretto for opera by Deems Taylor. For her theme Miss Millay has chosen a version of the Tristram and Isolt legend—an original version in Anglo-Saxon lore, we are told—reconstructed, if not reinvented, for her own creative purposes by the poet, we very much suspect. In any case, it is the old tale of a king's messenger sent to bring a bride to his sovereign and himself falling helplessly in love with the woman chosen to be queen. The first two acts follow the familiar outline. A new turn comes, however, with the henchman's deception of his king and his own marriage with the heroine, followed by disillusionment and catastrophe. The last act, a powerful piece of drama in itself, is made doubly impressive by the unexpected turn of events into a situation at the end of thrilling climatic intensity. I know of nothing in recent dramatic literature to compare with it.

But we are concerned with the poetic values of this work, which are very great. Miss Millay was undoubtedly hampered by the fact that she was writing primarily a libretto—her words had to be adaptable to music! She further handicapped herself by deliberately choosing a style and diction suited to the times of which she wrote—gaunt simplicity, antique Anglo-Saxon words, the bones and sinews rather than the rich luscious flesh of language. But neither of these rigorous conditions could hinder the flight of such a poet as Miss Millay. Nay, she has used the very fetters laid upon her as instruments to her end. She has written a play of amazing beauty, of ineffable loveliness. In the first act, we are back in the midst of all the rude vigor and innocent simplicity of primeval times; men are heroes, words are poems, and romance walks the earth. In the second act, where the lovers meet in the mystic darkness of the forest, we have love made young again, and as beautiful as it is young. In the third act comes tragic drama, with the deep organ tones of pain, and at last the solemn music of sacrifice, and shame and death. This is great literature. Miss Millay has sustained her own reputation, which ranks her first among the women poets of modern times, and among the half-dozen leading poets of either sex or any country today.

Mr. Robinson's poem, which runs to two hundred pages, is the Tristram story itself, one more retelling of the old, familiar tale. Mr. Robinson was thought to be bold when he wrote his "Merlin" and "Lancelot," and thus challenged direct comparison with Tennyson. What shall be thought of his boldness now in writing "Tristram," and thus challenging comparison not only with Tennyson, but with Swinburne, and Matthew Arnold, and Thomas Hardy, and Richard Wagner, the poetry of whose opera is only less great than the music? To say that Mr. Robinson does not suffer from these comparisons, however, does not begin to describe the compass and stature of his achievement. It is the judgment of trained critics, with which I concur, that the American poet has outreached all his predecessors. He has written the greatest Tristram poem to date, and perhaps the greatest Tristram poem of all time.

There is something almost uncanny in the completeness of Mr. Robinson's triumph. In none of his writings has Mr. Robinson ever commanded a universal language; in this, as in all his works, he speaks his own highly individualistic and dangerously involved style. Furthermore, Mr. Robinson is a modern in his psychology as in his expression, peculiarly unadapted in his thought processes, one would think, to such an old and simple tale as that of Tristram and the two Isolts. Indeed, in this poem he is as sophisticated and intricate as Miss Millay, in her legend, is simple and unadorned. But something—the perfect flowering of Mr. Robinson's essential poetic genius, or the sheer beauty of the ancient tale, or the combination of the two—has transmuted the poet's style into pure gold, and made its deposit in this work an almost perfect thing.

This is Mr. Robinson's writing, indubitably—nobody else could have written a single page of this poem! But Mr. Robinson never wrote quite this way before. Stripping the tale of every extraneous feature —the love potion, for instance—reducing its details to three or four central scenes—handling nothing but the basic human elements of the eternal problem involving this time two men and two women—the poet has penetrated to the very core of the story, and himself been kindled by its essential passion into a flame of ecstacy and rapture. At the very start, Mr. Robinson leaps to farthest heights. Now and again, as the poem moves on, his fire flickers, and even at times threatens to fall away momentarily into ashes. But always it leaps again; until at the end, in the last fifty pages, it seems to break loose altogether from earthly entanglements, and burn, like the stars, a clear, pure, transcendent flame of beauty. The close of this poem moved me as I have not been moved by the printed page for years. There were moments when it seemed as though I could not go on, so poignant was the passion and the pity. "Tristram" is one of the great poems of all time. Mr. Robinson has glorified American literature, the world's literature, with a masterpiece of the first order.

One word more about these poems! Both of them discover afresh to our generation the amazing fact that poetry may still spring from old legends of beauty, from old ecstasies of love, from nature and the simple human heart. After reading endless poems about steel skyscrapers, and automobiles, and coal mines, and lousy tenements, and dirty streets, and bill-boards, and ash-cans, what a relief to find oneself again in the realm of moonlight, the stars, the sunlit sea, roses and woods, and a man's eyes yearning for a woman's face!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"The King's Henchman," by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Published by Harper's.
"Tristram," by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Published by Macmillan.

Correspondence

An Open Letter to Judge Thayer, District Attorney Katzmann, Governor Fuller, President Lowell, Judge Grant and President Stratton

On Wednesday, the tenth of August, 1927, the souls of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, having been declared, by those high in power and authority, unfit to remain on earth with their fellow-men, will be snuffed out forever.

You, sirs, who are directly responsible for sending these two innocent men out of the world should be present when their spirits wing their flight. You have taken upon yourselves the responsibility of dispatching them, whither you know not. The moment has now come when you must show your faith in your own terrible deed. It is for you to witness the punishment which you yourselves have devised. Don your caps of black and stand at their side.

Where else can you be on that awful day? You cannot remain in the dark chambers where you pored over your weighty books of the law; these will cry out upon you to search once more their leaves, lest you have missed a word or thought which might yet save them. You cannot rest in your luxurious homes, these forever after would be poisoned by the remembrance of your presence. You cannot roam at will in the sweet green fields and meadows, nor by the brooks, nor in the deep woods: these will be filled with the soft voices of nature calling out to you: "Give us back our children, let them, who knew no happiness, naught save toil and sorrow, let them play here awhile, ere they fall asleep."

No, on that day, there is but one place for you. There! At their side! In the house of death! Put on your solemn suits of black, take death by the hand, and lead him to your victims.

And yet, sirs, such is the whirligig of fate, that in days to come, not your names, but theirs will head the lists of those who loved their fellow-men. Your little time on earth will fade out into nothingness, but Sacco and Vanzetti will live on as those who died to set men free. From this small spark may be kindled a great fire to sear and cleanse the hearts of men, lighting a new way to liberty for all mankind.

A whole world weeps their death; a whole world condemns their slayers.

ELLEN WINSOR

(Haverford, Pa., August 5, 1927)

Military Training in Switzerland

Editor of UNITY:

Recently an open letter in UNITY asked about military training in Switzerland. Being a native Swiss and well acquainted with the conditions and military training there, I am pleased to give the information desired.

Every healthy citizen does military service, ten weeks as a recruit, two weeks annually for ten years, two weeks each second year for the next ten years. Educated people usually become officers of the army, and naturally do more service than soldiers, a lieutenant approximately 35, a captain about 58 more weeks. Each citizen has his uniform and arms at home, and is required to practice shooting. He belongs to a Schuetzen-Verein and devotes at least one afternoon a year to shooting. You probably know that shooting at targets has become a real sport in Switzerland.

Before the war almost every secondary school offered an opportunity for military drill; few, I think, made it compulsory. The government provides rifle and ammunition for it. The boys usually drill one afternoon a week for half a year. But after the war the military training in schools declined very much, chiefly because the socialist party refused the appropriations required. So far as I know no canton, or any town, compels boys to take the training now. The city of Zurich has organized courses for gymnastics and excursions entirely free from military drill and thus replaced the military training which existed before.

The government offers further opportunity for military training to 18 to 20 year old boys and provides them with a coat, a rifle, and ammunition. The boys spend their Sunday mornings and one evening a week for half a year. In no case do the boys have any further advantages, nor any privileges. No school counts it toward any degree.

I should like to say a word of criticism about the comparison of the U. S. military training with that of Switzerland. There are a great number of Swiss who agree with me that not the army nor neutrality protected the country during the World War, but her Red Cross mission and her true spirit of neutrality. The name of Dunant and the Convention of Geneva have obtained more fame and more defensive force than any Swiss general, or the truly excellent army of Switzerland. Every German speaking Swiss is realizing that war against Germany, or Austria, means killing of his own kind, and he simply does not believe that there ever will be such a war. Every French speaking countryman shrinks from the mere thought that his arms ever should be used against France. These two groups have succeeded in convincing one another, and the government, that the nation must settle all conflicts peacefully with these three neighbors. It is interesting enough that the candidates for the officer's patent are never taught how to defend the country against Germany, Austria or France. But alas! Switzerland has only about half a million of Italian speaking inhabitants. They are so small a group that they never have succeeded in convincing their bigger brothers that they feel completely safe in regard to Italy. Therefore, if one of Mussolini's enthusiasts once says an unfriendly word against Switzerland, at once the heroism of many a proud patriot rises and cries: "See! Let's keep well prepared. Nevertheless the two governments seem to understand one another better and better and sometime the voice of the Tessin may be strong enough to carry all over Switzerland.

Many thoughtful Swiss are convinced, and others are beginning to realize that their army is a branch of dead wood which not only spoils the beauty, but prevents new creative life. Besides, it must be understood clearly that Switzerland is no great power and cannot use, and never has used, her army for any aggressive purpose since 1515. See, on the other hand, the position of the United States in the world, her use of the army and navy in Nicaragua, China and Mexico, and then the means she has for building up her fame as a Red Cross and Peace Nation, a more defensive power than any army or navy can be—and then weigh the comparison of the United States—and Switzerland's military training!

H. BOSSHARD.

Cambridge, Mass.

Grateful to Dr. Dole

Editor of "UNITY":

Numbers of times I have been moved to write "to the editor." This time the impulse is simply irresistible.

Your one article, "A Plain Man's Religion," by Charles F. Dole, in the July 25th issue of "UNITY," is worth the price of a year's subscription many times.

If I could have said perfectly some of the things I have been trying to say to groups of young men for the past half dozen years,—if I could have written, in terms of the Will of God, the story of my own growth,—conscious during those half dozen years, and more or less unconscious through the years running back into my own youth,—it would have been precisely in the language of Mr. Dole's "letter."

He has made me articulate, to myself, in passage after passage of his brief article. He has set the stakes far ahead, yet in plain view. Thank you, and thank him,—exceedingly.

GEORGE CARHART

Pontiac, Michigan.

Penn State, the College of Babbittry

Editor of UNITY:

One needs only to visit Penn State College, in order to know why Sinclair Lewis wrote "Babbitt."

If possible the visit should be timed during what is known as "Spirit Week," second in the gentle month of May.

The requirements of "Spirit Week" are subtle, as a single illustration will prove. The freshmen are ordered to wear a bright green ribbon, attached to the button of the inevitable "dinky." This ribbon is supposed to be kept in

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE AMERICAN TRADE UNION DELEGATION TO EUROPE

1. Need for Dependable Information

The American people as a whole know pathetically little about social and economic conditions in two of the greatest countries of Europe—Fascist Italy and Soviet Russia. Yet our commercial prosperity, let alone permanent international peace, depend largely upon our ability to secure accurate and impartial information on these subjects. The American labor movement, representing 4,000,000 Americans, possesses even less than the average amount of information on these subjects.

2. A Fact-Finding Delegation

In order to secure dependable information as to the economic status of workers in other lands, a group of the most distinguished trade union executives in the United States, coming from unions both within the A. F. of L. and among the Railroad Brotherhoods, have formed the American Trade Union Delegation to Europe. This delegation left the United States July 27 to spend two months in Europe. Part of this time is being devoted to the countries of Western Europe and the rest to countries of Eastern Europe, including Russia.

To make sure that the delegation would have full access to all sources of information in Russia, it cabled the executives of the Russian Trade Unions, who requested and secured from the Government of Russia absolute assurances on this point, permitting unfettered access to all persons and sources of information in Russia. A similar request was made of the Fascist Government of Italy, through the American ambassador, but no assurances were received of an opportunity to investigate conditions in that country.

L. E. Sheppard, President, Order of Railway Conductors, Chairman of Delegation.

William H. Johnston, International Association of Machinists.

E. J. Manion, President, Order of Railroad Telegraphers.

Phil E. Ziegler, Editor of The Railway Clerk.

James W. Fitzpatrick, President, Actors and Artists' Federation.

Timothy Shea, Assistant President, Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen.

John Brophy, recent President, District No. 2, United Mine Workers.

Frank Palmer, Editor, Colorado Labor Advocate (Typographical Union).

William Mitch, Indiana State Secretary of United Mine Workers.

Albert F. Coyle, Editor, Locomotive Engineers' Journal.

3. An Expert Economic Survey of Russia

We know much less about what is happening in Russia today than about yesterday's developments in the interior of China. And yet Russia is the largest country of Europe, with vast territories in Asia, embracing about one-seventh of the inhabitable land and one-eleventh of the total population of the globe. The delegation is therefore sponsoring an economic survey of conditions in Russia, directed by the following group of eminent economic experts of national standing:

Prof. R. G. Tugwell, of Columbia University.

Stuart Chase, Harvard University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Dr. W. Jett Lauck, formerly of Washington and Lee University.

Dr. Arthur Fisher, formerly of Harvard University.

Dr. Paul H. Douglas, University of Chicago.

Dr. Jerome Davis, Yale University.

Dr. Frederic C. Howe, Johns Hopkins University.

This is actually the first time since the Revolution that any group has undertaken an expert economic research into actual social and industrial conditions in Russia. The delegation has already received the assurances of Senator William E. Borah of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations that a special session of the committee will be called to hear and consider this economic survey report, upon the return of the delegation from Russia.

4. Funds Required

Because of the large public service to be rendered, the American Trade Union Delegation feels justified in calling upon persons outside the ranks of organized labor to help defray the cost of employing its staff of economic experts, of paying their traveling expenses and of covering the publication and distribution of the resulting report. All members of the economic staff are generously contributing their services without any compensation. The cost of this economic research will be approximately $25,000. The required amount is being requested in contributions of from one- to five-thousand dollars from persons of means who appreciate the high value of the public service undertaken by the delegation. The Finance Committee appointed by President L. E. Sheppard, chairman of the delegation, consists of E. J. Manion and Timothy Shea. Remittances may be sent to the committee, in care of Albert F. Coyle, 807-15 B. of L. E. Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

OUTLINE OF EXPERT SURVEY OF CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA

Sponsored by the American Trade Union Delegation to Europe: July-September, 1927

1. Agriculture, Distribution of Agricultural Products, and Means of Exchange. Directed by Prof. R. G. Tugwell of Columbia University.

2. Production and Distribution. Directed by Stuart Chase, Harvard University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

3. Banking, Credit and the Price Level. Directed by Dr. W. Jett Lauck, Consulting Economist (former Professor of Political Economics, Washington and Lee University).

4. Transportation and Communication. Directed by Dr. Arthur Fisher, former Fellow of Harvard University; and J. A. Hopkins, Esq.

5. Trade Unions and the Cooperative Movement. Directed by Dr. Paul H. Douglas, of the University of Chicago, and Dr. J. Bartlet Bretner of Columbia University.

6. Natural Resources, Concessions, and Policy Toward Foreign Capital. Directed by Dr. Frederic C. Howe

CHATEAU DE BURES
par - Villennes Seine - et - Oise France
Prepare for College in Europe
Preparation for College amid Cultural Advantages. Non-sectarian; scientific thoroughness; modern progressive methods; American and foreign masters. Beautiful grounds, thirty acres, thirty miles from Paris. New dormitories with outdoor sleeping porches and indoor private studies. New gymnasium. All sports. Own Farm. Address
Thomas C. Burton, Head Master, 47 Claremont Avenue, New York City
An American School for Boys in the Old World

---

a "Weber perpetual motion," and, above all, parallel with the ground, by compelling the wearer to run, or trot, as he glides to the College Halls. Brave sophomores armed with paddles, slap the classmen along, howling lustily in tones of culture, and the acme of sport is to attack a single specimen, if possible, bring him down to earth, and send him limping away. Noble college spirit.

The "co-eds" must carry umbrellas, adorned with the green, and the painfully funny point of the requirement lies in the fact that the umbrellas must be open for pleasant weather, and closed for rain or snow. Could genius conceive more obviously?

One is told that only a few years ago the chief amusement of those in process of education was to procure peanuts without payment, and "fire" them at women who were so crude as to desire to see decent "Movies." One is also told that a certain Jew, almost single handed, changed this loutish form of pleasure to something more civilized.

"Friday the thirteenth" was fittingly celebrated in "Spirit Week." First, a joyous mass meeting in which all students were allowed to participate, then a mad cheery dash into the streets, where signs were torn down, trucks and automobiles piled high, occupant of Ford compelled to crawl out, and see his vehicle suspended in air, while raucous howls rent the ether, and revolvers were fired for the mere jazz gladness of hearing them.

"Why worry?" The College pays damages and what a glorious foundation for mob spirit. Yet the College is strong for "compulsory military training."

One is again told that Penn State resents being called a "Hick College." While these quaint barbaric customs continue, should not the "Hick" be the one to resent?

H.

(Johns Hopkins University), and Hon. John F. Sinclair.

7. Social Legislation, Public Welfare, and Governmental Organization. Directed by Dr. Jerome Davis of Yale University.

8. The Legal System and the Administration of Justice. Directed by Hon. Frank P. Walsh and Clarence Darrow, Esq.

Research Collaborator: Miss Melinda Alexander.

The Trade Union Delegation, consisting wholly of trade union executives, will investigate the status of the worker both as employee and citizen, as well as such non-economic matters as religious and civil liberty, the press, art and education, etc.

THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR IN AUSTRALIA

Address by Our Fellow Editor, Dr. Charles Strong

In an address last night at the Australian Church, entitled "Come and Let Us Work Together for the Outlawry of War," Dr. Charles Strong spoke of the abolition of war as a better memorial to the dead than perpetuating one of the most tragic episodes in the late European conflict. What a fine thing it would be if the Christian nations of the world would erect, say, on the heights around Geneva, a statue such as "the Christ of the Andes," pledging themselves never again to resort to the brutal methods of war—a menace to civilization, to industrial progress and religion, and the source of countless woes.

Two things, the preacher proceeded, had to be done. An atmosphere of good will and peace had to be generated. Every church should be an organized peace society, and every individual in a church should do his or her "bit" in creating the new atmosphere. But spiritual electric force must not only be generated. It must be directed to a practical end—the absolute abolition of war. It was a Jewish lawyer in America, Mr. Levinson, who had outlined a scheme for the "outlawry of war" as an international "crime," and the settlement of all international disputes by reference to a court of justice. A splendid proposal! The League of Nations had done fine work, but it was a League of armed diplomats, as had well been pointed out.

Sympathetic reference was made by Dr. Strong to the sad tragedy on Thursday last, but, except we "repented" of the crime of war we must "all likewise perish." The fleet of aeroplanes hovering over this city suggested the unutterable things that might happen to our great cities, even in a brief hour. "Now Is the Time," to quote the title of Mr. Ponsonby's book, when the horrors of the last war had not passed from our memory, to organize and work together as Governments, churches, individuals, for the outlawry of war, and the devotion of all the science, industry, money, courage, skill, now wasted on armies, or thrown into the hellfires of war, to promote the best interests of mankind, and usher in a new era of the history of man.

Melbourne Age.

RESOLUTION ON OUTLAWRY

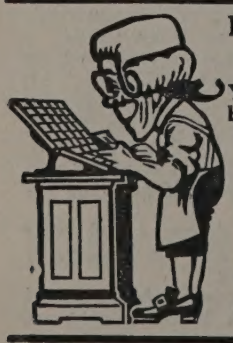
Adopted by 1,000 Delegates at the Northfield Missionary Conference on July 20, 1927

"Whereas we represent the great organized body of women for foreign missions with a combined membership of more than 5,000,000, with a permanent investment in foreign lands of $150,000,000, with an annual investment of approximately $10,000,000; and

"Whereas we are represented by a great body of missionaries who exemplify the highest ideals of Christian internationalism; be it

"Resolved, That we send to President Coolidge and to the Department of State the conviction of this body that there is no hope for permanent international peace until war is outlawed as a method of settlement of differences which will continually arise between nations and which must be adjusted by orderly processes of law.

"Signed—Mrs. Henry W. Peabody of Beverly, Mass., Chairman."



It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your Printing will be above criticism if done by

THE OAKLAND PRESS

3913 Cottage Grove

Tel. Atlantic 1876

IN AUGUST

does your Summer wardrobe meet its hardest test? Too late for purchases of new hot weather garments to be expedient, our quick, skillful cleansing and refreshing of apparel you're using now should enable you to complete the season with great economy.

Schumann & Co

Cleaners Dyers

PHONE DREXEL 0231 ALL DEPARTMENTS

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS

3960 Cottage Grove Avenue

DREXEL State Bank

Cottage Grove Ave. and Oakwood Blvd.

Thirty-two years of conservative banking, combined with service and courtesy for every depositor —large or small—is the record of this bank . . . . . .

Your savings and checking account cordially invited

Resources Six and one-half Million Dollars

Do This for their sake!

GIVE your children Bowman's Milk. It furnishes quick energy to offset fatigue. It builds fine teeth and strong bones. A quart a day is none too much, so doctors say.

BOWMAN DAIRY COMPANY MILK

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES

Everything in HARDWARE

AT

PORTER'S

4236 Cottage Grove Ave.